

Save a Thief from the Gallows, and hee'l hang thee if he
 can. Or, The Mercifull Father, and the Mercilesse Sonne,
 The tune is, Fortune my Foe,



You disobedient Children mark my fall.
 And by my timelesse end take warning all.
 Against my own dear Father I have done
 A deed, the like did never gracelesse Son.
 In blooming years I was entic'd to sin.
 E'r I perceiv'd what danger lay therein.
 And so from day to day until this hour
 To live the same as yet I had no power.
 My Mother dead, my Father cherish'd me,
 As men will do when Motherlesse we be,
 And nothing then for me he thought too dear.
 Which brought me thus unto a gracelesse fear.
 And when as I to elder years did grow,
 My wicked courses got I timely woe.
 Each vain delight belonging to Young-men,
 Deceiv'd me and wrought my ruine then.
 The deadly sin that are in number seven (ben
 Without more grace have lost my joyes in Hea-
 From first to last of these most curst crimes,
 Have made me now a wonder of these times.
 For wanting means to nourish my delight,
 I went the wrong, and left the wayes of right.
 Which to maintain, my Father growing poor
 Forgetting God I daily rob'd for more.
 Whise times he sav'd me from the Gallows tree,
 Whise times he cast himself in debt for me,
 Whise times he set me up in good estate,
 In hope to keep me from untimely fate.
 By me the Proverb is fulfilled here,
 Who saves a thief from gallows finda't dear,

For saving me I sought his dear life's woe,
 My gentle Fathers timelesse overthrow.
 For wanting means still to relieve my need,
 Put me in mind to do a wofull deed,
 And seek his blood the high-way unto sin.
 Who wanting grace, I soon grew perfect in.
 My Fathers brother of good living known,
 Being dead, as next of kin they were mine own.
 The which I wrought with these accursed hands,
 To be the Heir of all my Uncles Lands.
 With mind prepar'd for murder thus I went,
 Unto the field where he did much frequent,
 Where meeting him, with my own Fathers knife
 Which I had stolen, I took away his life.
 And laid it down all bloody by his side,
 That all might see my Uncle there-with dy'd.
 And challeng'd it my Fathers knife to be,
 When people came the murdered corps to see.
 O Homicide! O curst trepous blood,
 Like Cain, to seek thy Fathers dearest blood,
 My own dear Father being thus betray'd,
 I his own Child the Evidence was made.
 So judg'd to death for that he never did,
 The Lord in mercy did the same forbid,
 For as he was to Creation led
 A world of torments in my bosome bred.
 To see him stand upon the Gallows tree,
 From which before good man he saved me,
 I could not chuse but tell what I had done,
 And so confesse my self a wicked son.

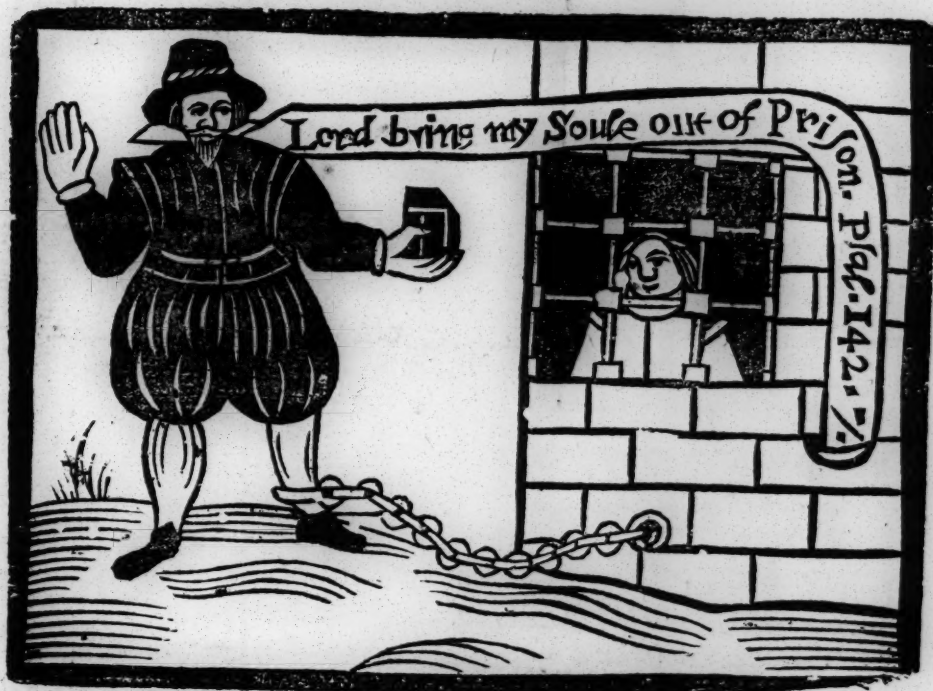
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The Confession and Repentance of George Sanders, Gentleman, late of *Sugh*, in the County of *Hertford*, who killed his own Uncle, and accused his own Father for the murder, but by Gods providence being discovered he dyed for the same where he wrote this Song with his own hand.



Gods judgements now are rightly seen saith I
 Dear Father I have slain him let me dye,
 Let me dye, and let my Father free,
 Or else like Judas damned shall I be
 Whereat the people in that very place,
 Where praised God that gave me so much grace,
 To quit my Father from that crying sin,
 Where I with red-blood streams am drowned in.
 My Father said, and I to Prison sent,
 Where I remain with many a sad lament,
 Which when you see, you cannot chuse but say
 Repentance comes before my dying day.

His Repentance in Prison.

To the same tune.

Mongst Lyons fell in Daniels Den am I
 In lowest prison cast with Jeremy,
 Fed with Elias by the Ravens fel,
 And plac'd with Judas in the maw of hell,
 Naked with Esau, fearful do I walk,
 Dumb with old Zachary silent do I talk,
 Afflictions bred with Micha is my food,
 And with the Prophets drink I sorrows flood.
 As poor as Job, even now so poor am I,
 Despis'd with Lazarus in great misery,
 Banisht with David from my native land,
 Cast up with Ionas on the Ninivites sand,
 Made blind with Toby by the Swallows dung,
 And with poor Ioseph cast in prison strong,
 I weep with Mary who had lost her Master,
 And run with Peter who should run the faster,

I sinned have, for sin God curst the ground,
 I sinned have, for sin the world was drown'd:
 I sinned have, sin Sodom set on fire:
 Also for sin did Egypt feel Gods ire.
 I sinned have, for sin did Adam die:
 I sinned have, sin caused David cry:
 I sinned have, and for sin Satan fell
 From an high Angel to a Devil in Hell.
 Did David weep, and shall I not then cry?
 Did Mary weep, and shall mine eyes be dry:
 Did Esau weep, and shall not I weep more?
 Did Peter weep such tears? let me have store.
 Did Mary weep for loss of Master dear?
 Did Martha weep with sorrow toucht full near?
 Spring eyes with tears to wash his sacred feet,
 That for my sin did shed his blood most sweet.
 Zark-like I fly unto the living spring,
 Desiring pardon of my heavenly King,
 Past worldly hope now like the thief on tree,
 I onely fix my faith and hope on thee.
 Look back on me as thou didst unto Peter,
 Speak to my soul, as to the thief most sweeter,
 O spy me out with Zache on the tree, (thee)
 And with sweet Bartholomew call me Lord to
 O let me now with holy Abraham spy,
 A saving Ram that Isaac may not die,
 O let me live for to sound forth thy praise,
 That I may shew thy mercy in my days.
 Make me a sparrow in thy house, O King,
 That swallow-like I may sit there and sing:
 O let me in thy Temple keep a door,
 That I may praise thy name for evermore.

George Sanders.